JOHN BULL, week ending September 16, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI. 1996

3D EVERY THURSDAY

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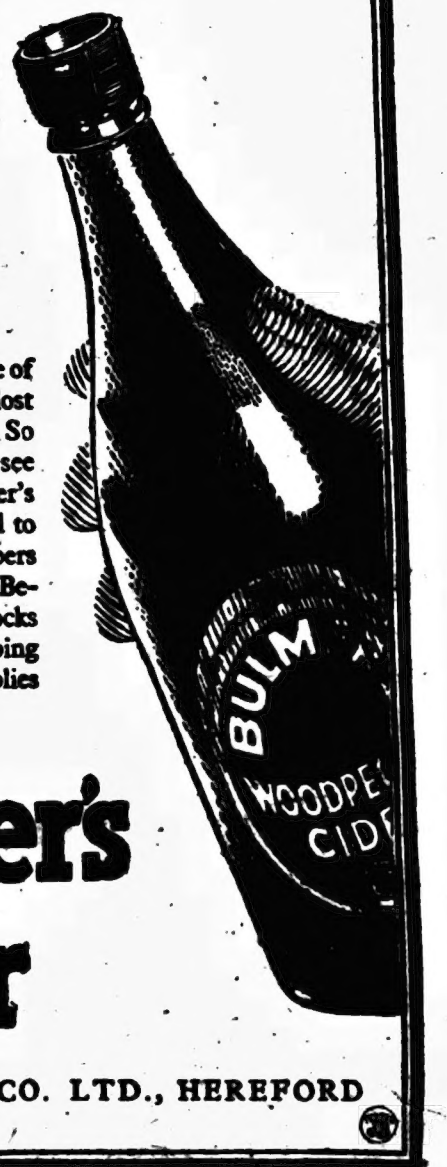

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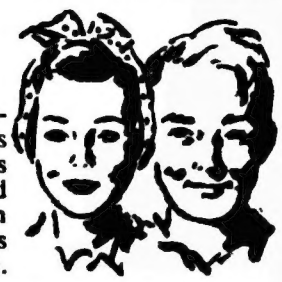

You are passing through the growing years when your body needs building up. The food that builds the body is called **PROTEIN**, and there's nothing like milk in one form or another for providing it. This is where National Milk-Cocoa comes in.

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NOW AVAILABLE TO ALL WORKERS UP TO 21

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We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people, who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be denied it until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations, to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 16, 1944.

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GREAT GENERALS

Straight from the Shoulder

IT cannot be long now. We can assume that the final assault on Germany will be made with impressive force and dash.

Apart from the remnants of the broken 7th and 15th armies, the Germans have no more than twenty divisions to man the western front. The fighting may be bitter, but it cannot be protracted.

Speed

Our tanks outstrip the news, and comment on the news appears stale. But some aspects of the campaign will be remembered long after the last shot has been fired.

The first is the unprecedented speed of the advance. Hitler's blitzkrieg conquered Belgium in eighteen days; British armour succeeded in forty-eight hours; General Patton established a new record of endurance by covering 550 miles in an offensive sweep that was sustained for forty days.

Strategy

The second point has been expressed by a Swiss newspaper: "The strategy of the Western Allies is equal to that of the most famous Continental army leaders in history."

Montgomery, a fine tactician in the Western Desert, has become a brilliant strategist in Western Europe. At the same time, his former chief has triumphed in Italy by characteristic and almost whimsical methods which offer a perfect contrast between the two men. No one should ask which is the better general, for both are great.

Victory by Stealth

Montgomery chooses the bludgeon; Alexander prefers the rapier. The latter, making his calculations with the most nicety, waits until he has assembled overwhelming forces. Alexander stealthily moves his men to a point which the enemy regards as impossible to attack.

He transferred an army by night across the hills of North Africa, then across the mountains of Cassino, and now across the jagged ramparts of the Gothic Line. In this last action, served by the skill of General Leese and the absence of the Luftwaffe, he has almost closed a campaign which has earned Stalin's admiration.

Bombs for Berlin?

The German Air Force, moreover, is likely to hamper Montgomery and his new commander-in-chief Bradley. It has still a useful fighter strength of some hundreds of heavy bombers, but it is short of oil and trained crews. It can be obliterated by the fantastic power strength of the Allied Air Forces, for more than 3,000 bombers are ready to batter German communication points in support of our armies.

Now to Relax!

On Sunday, therefore, the black-out is to be lightened, and relief has already been given to Home Guards and Fire Guards. To have delayed these relaxations any longer would have suggested not caution but a timidity which the Cabinet certainly does not feel.

It would be foolish, however, to suppose that every beach can at once be opened to the Spartans who enjoy bathing in the English autumn. Minefields cannot be cleared in a day.

More News

Clearly, too, Mr. Morrison's tribute to the people of London and other southern towns has been grimly earned. The defiance and conquest of the flying bomb, indeed, is one of the real epics of the war.

Should we not be told, too, exactly how U.N.R.R.A. is lightening the hardships of the liberated peoples abroad so that the world might judge its efficiency and need?

Loot

Most of the world should find comfort in the reflection that Bulgaria, despite her artfulness, has not been allowed to retain her loot. But it will be a moral disaster for the Allied cause if Rumania is given any encouragement to take by force from Hungary the land she claims as her own.

On the other side of the Balkans, the Allies have launched a full offensive with Tito's forces. Of the Russian front only one thing need be said: Stalin is unlikely to lag behind in the march to Berlin.

Japan Next

The first phase of the war is thus nearing its end. The defeat of Japan, though likely to require further sacrifices and suffering, is no less certain.

When the war in the West is over we shall assemble in the East an assault force so massive that distances and defences will be overcome. The new Japanese Prime Minister is wise to predict Allied attempts to land on his empire's mainland; without the subjugation of Tokyo our success against Germany would be inconclusive.

Stormy Weather

Even when that is accomplished we cannot expect to sail overnight from the angry seas of war into the placid pools of peace; the period of transition may not only be lengthy but as turbulent as a mill-stream.

Transition has been a familiar word on ministerial lips, yet our Ministers have been tardy in producing plans to fit that period of stress and strangeness.

The White Paper on Employment is all they have given us.

Big Questions

It is said that their proposals for Social Security are almost ready for the cold scrutiny of a public that expected them a year or more ago.

But even more urgently desirable is an adequate scheme for demobilisation.

Have arrangements been made, for example, to release builders from the Services as quickly as possible? And, as we urge on page 5, should not civilian experts be allowed now to plan the work which should await demobilised men?

Housing and Land

Again, local authorities cannot build houses (even if the plans be completed) until the sites are made available.

Yet the Government has not announced its land policy. It has merely issued "guidance" that has failed to ease the local authorities' perplexity.

Joint Agreement

Concerning the broader aspects of the peace, tentative agreement on world finance and world security has been reached at Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks respectively.

It is satisfactory that Great Powers have come to a friendly understanding on these difficult and delicate subjects. But the policies they have adopted may not be satisfactory to smaller nations or indeed provide the real solution to Peace.

Four Policemen

The use of force to keep the peace is to be entrusted to the Big Four; since they alone possess the necessary force, the arrangement is probably logical. And the Big Four will virtually rule the proposed World Organisation for Peace.

Yet it was not the smaller States which wrecked the League of Nations or inspired the arms race. They may feel it unjust if they are to be debarred from decision on the kind of world in which they will have to live.

Who Knows?

As for the Bretton Woods discussions, some of the results are so vague that even Lord Keynes appears to contradict himself in attempting to explain them.

One overriding need is to end the scandal of private loans to underdeveloped countries, which were apt to lead to international tension, political upsets, and graft.

Private

Sir Arthur Salter declared years ago that "When a large loan is dangled before a weak Government by the representative of a powerful financial institution, perhaps competitively by several of them, all sorts of political consequences, all unfortunate, are likely to arise."

Development of the world's resources, in short, should not depend on private usury.

General Leese moved his army across the mountains in absolute secrecy

Inviting Disaster

It must also be arranged that internationally controlled money should be available to correct the ups and downs of the world's money markets, and therefore to even out the booms and slumps of world trade.

This part of the Bretton Woods agreement is regarded by many critics as inadequate. The *Times* objects that the present proposals would not prevent trade slumps and would involve Britain in disaster if the U.S.A. experienced a large-scale depression.

What We Want

It goes on: "The issue which confronts the nations to-day is not to discover an international monetary system which would work satisfactorily in an expanding world economy . . . but a system of international trade and finance which will set the processes of expansion in motion."

Cart and Horse

The suggestion is that Lord Keynes and his fellow-delegates put the cart before the horse: the comment made by JOHN BULL some months ago. We repeat it deliberately.

Development of the backward lands, promotion of trade expansion by raising the standard of living everywhere, co-operation in international trading—these should be the basic principles of economic planning.

The Only Way

Unfortunately, the tendency to selfish nationalism is still strong.

President Roosevelt and "common men" on both sides of the Atlantic appear to be more enlightened than the "experts," who have yet to convince themselves that national prosperity depends on world prosperity.

(Continued overleaf)

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Straight from the Shoulder—continued from preceding page

WHAT a week it's been. The German withdrawals have been almost eclipsed by the temporary rout of the forces at home who stand for red tape rubbish and the policy of stay-as-you-are.

Official stick-in-the-muds have been rattled into an unseemly retreat.

Graceful, Sir James

The Secretary of State for War cancels all compulsory Home Guard training (incidentally what a graceful little broadcast speech from Sir James): the black-out gives way to a perfectly reasonable dim-out; full-time Civil Defence workers in most of the country are no longer compelled to sit wasting their time

Moving Right

These moves in the right direction have been followed by others in the last day or two. They're good because they give the workers just the little proofs that are needed—that the war's been worth the winning.

Out of Date

The Cockney woman's bitter remark, as she stood in a long food queue, that if this was liberation, Brussels and Antwerp were welcome to it, has been losing all justification.

If the Government could only arrange to release a big supply of fully-fashioned stockings for the winter, there wouldn't be many women grumblers left.

Redundant ?

There was a time not long ago when engineering instructors were as important as anyone in the war machine. They helped to turn shop assistants, hairdressers, and odd-job men into skilled craftsmen. They helped to give us the tools. Now many of these Civil Servants (temporary), as the Ministry of Labour calls them, are being classed as "redundant."

Use Their Skill

There's a danger that the instructors will find themselves on the scrap-heap unless the Government can continue to use their skill. There should be many ways of doing that in the great "change-over."

Smoke Screen

It's a good job schoolchildren don't smoke. At a Kent school several pounds have been collected (in pennies and halfpennies) to provide cigarettes for the troops in Italy.

The children don't know what the soldiers are getting. Their headmaster does. He's seen a letter from a sergeant who says that his men can scarcely smoke the things sent out to them. The kiddies wouldn't like to think their coppers bought poisonous fumes.

At Home

In Shropshire, there's a school where the medical officer will not allow the children to drink untested milk.

The children drink untested milk at home (because they can't get any other) and their parents are encouraged to buy it at the reduced price.

Wide-Awake

You want a house or flat? Certainly, say the landlords and estate agents in one coast resort. But there are a few repairs to pay for before you go in.

And no matter how sore-footed you are you trot off to building firms who are on the agents' books. The estimate will be round about double what's fair.

It's still war time. And coast towns are not the only places where house agents are wide-awake.

On Duty

A police officer lately gathered evidence which was used in a prosecution for drinking after hours at a Midlands club. He had a pint just before 10 p.m.; another at 10.3 p.m.; and a third at 10.50 p.m. He went back to the club on two later evenings and drank.

Duty is duty.

Preaching and—

Mr. A. C. Robbins, Honorary Secretary of the British Humanitarian League, believes that charity to others begins at home. The chaplain of Wormwood Scrubs told him about P.C. Allen, a George Medallist, now serving eighteen months for receiving.

—Practising

It seems that several people think Allen was given too severe a sentence. So Mr. Robbins has taken the policeman's two children into his own home and got his allowance increased from the Sheriff's Fund Society at the Old Bailey so that Allen now gets £10 a month.

It's Bliss

A farmer in the Midlands lives too far away from a town to get a daily paper. He says he's too busy to listen to the wireless. And he was very cross when he took a cow to market and was pounced on for breaking a foot-and-mouth standstill order. How did he know there was foot-and-mouth about?

It'll be too bad if the fat stock prices go up one of these days and he sells before he's heard about it.

Humble Spud

Potatoes are amazing things. Before the war they were slimming or fattening, according to whether you sold them or wanted to sell something else. But no one suggested that they were anything but a cheap, pleasant way of filling your stomach. Not so in war time.

In New Role

Now potatoes have accumulated every dietetic quality known to science. Their latest achievement—now that we can't get enough vitamin C from oranges—is to come out into the open as the best providers of this elusive health-giver.

Spades are Spades

We don't want to throw a spanner into the Ministry of Food's educational works. And we're ready to believe nearly all the scientists tell us. But they are really overdoing it a bit just now.

We'd rather be told bluntly that we shall have to go short of proper food for a good time yet. If controls are necessary to feed the liberated countries for goodness' sake let's call them controls.

Toleration

The Archbishop of Malta has issued a circular in which he issues orders about the dress the people are to wear when they go to church. He says "a man is liable to be sent out if he wears shorts; Servicemen will be tolerated."

If it hadn't been for Servicemen, perhaps the Archbishop of Malta would have had no churches.

Working Off—

How are you getting on with your P.A.Y.E.? After five months it's generally been working well. But "a few" complications are coming now that the collectors have decided to work off arrears in the 1944/1945 year.

—Arrears

People who own their houses or have unearned income such as interest from war loans may be surprised to find they have arrears to make up. That's because the "writing off" provisions which release taxpayers from part of their liability do not apply to unearned income.

Ask for Help

If you get too much of a shock and think there must be some mistake when the increased deductions come into force, remember our Free Advice Department. It's there to get readers' income tax problems straightened out.

First in the Field

A SHIP SUNK "AS IF BY MAGIC"

ON Wednesday, July 17, 1844, a sailing vessel, off the coast of Britain, suddenly disappeared behind a column of water and a cloud of shingle from her own ballast.

The crowd of onlookers and naval observers heard the gurgling boom of an under-water explosion, and the mainmast and mizen mast fell overboard.

Within a minute the ship was blown to bits.

This was the culmination of a challenge, issued by a Captain Warner, that he could sink any ship without coming near it or firing guns, by using a new weapon of his own invention.

His success was evident, but his method remained a secret. It apparently consisted of a small chamber of polished steel containing explosive suspended beneath the surface of the sea.

The spectators could not know that a similar device would be described nearly one hundred years later as a "secret" weapon!

They had seen a demonstration of the first magnetic mine.

P. S.

Twenty-Seven Million Prisoners' Parcels

● When Allied armies invaded the South of France, they cut the route linking Portugal with Switzerland, and thus stopped the flow of parcels to our prisoners-of-war in Germany.

In five years of war the staggering total of twenty-seven million parcels has reached our men. The vast majority travelled via Lisbon, Marseilles and Geneva.

The closing of this route was, of course, foreseen by the International Red Cross, and already two ships loaded with parcels have left Britain for Gothenburg, opening up a new route to the camps.

And as the tide of war flows over the Continent it may be possible to open up a more direct route to Switzerland and for the parcels to travel by rail across France as they did in the early days of the war.

★ ★ ★

Whatever happens, the parcels must get through! That has been the attitude of those concerned, and apparently insuperable difficulties have been overcome. Special ships have been chartered by the Red Cross, huge depots set up in Lisbon and Geneva, millions of parcels stored for emergencies.

The standard has been one parcel per man a week.

In the last few months camps have been building up stocks. With stocks in Switzerland, there is estimated to be enough for six weeks even if no more parcels get through. But, as a precaution, the Red Cross has suggested to the camps that they halve the rate of issue.

You have to be a good packer for this job!

The Germans puncture all tins when a parcel is opened, to prevent food being stored for escapes. Parcels have been issued to two prisoners twice a week. Now it will mean four men sharing the two weekly parcels.

The contents, scientifically chosen and balanced for diet deficiencies by Britain's leading experts, have ensured the many British prisoners-of-war being in reasonably good health after months and years of confinement. To prevent monotony, not all the parcels contain exactly the same foods, but the total of calories, vitamins, proteins, and so on, adds up to the same for each.

Nearly two million parcels have been "invalid comfort parcels," containing milk, jellies and other items giving a light, nourishing diet for men in hospital or convalescing.

★ ★ ★

Even if the parcels had contained no scrap of food, they would have been a godsend. For the packing materials are the basis of many camp hobbies and cookery.

Nothing is thrown away. The cardboard containers become scenery and furniture for theatricals; the string is unravelled to be made into wigs or knitted into slippers. The paper shavings have been made into "grass" skirts and the dye has even been extracted from them for use on old clothes.

The tins have a hundred and one uses, from cooking materials to gardening tools. They are so popular that a special book has been issued giving instructions and diagrams for making from them scores of things from spoons to mouse-traps!

FRANK MOSS.

MOBILISE TALENT

As more and more of Europe is freed, the need to free British industry for the work of reconstruction becomes ever more urgent.

For this country will emerge from the war with splendid assets, but also with heavy liabilities.

It is pledged to provide homes and work for all. The only way to redeem that pledge is to prepare for the earliest possible resumption of peace time production—particularly of houses!

Now, there must be no return to the cut-throat international competition of the pre-war period.

It must be plain to all that lasting peace and prosperity can be gained only by the co-operation of free and friendly countries.

Within that framework Britain must sell goods abroad and import others in order to maintain her standard of living at home. And her would-be customers throughout the world will not place orders except for prompt delivery.

What, then, is Britain's situation to-day? First of all, armament production has already begun to decline, and must do so more rapidly in the months to come.

Workers are being put off in some sections of war industry. In many factories, still nominally at full strength, the tempo of production is slowing down.

There is no widespread unemployment at present, but soon it will become imperative to take in the slack of this released labour.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to change over from one sort of production to another at a moment's notice.

Manufacturers have first to decide upon the peace time product they intend to make. This calls for careful design and experiment.

Skilled draughtsmen and development engineers are essential to any new output programme, and they must be given enough material to experiment with.

Extensive reorganisation of plant can hardly be avoided; jig and tool designs have to be considered; and large numbers of technical experts are required to see the change-over through to mass production of the finished product.

In other words, the country's inventive and technical talent must be mobilised for peace time purposes.

The talent is available. Our "back-room boys" have earned the admiration of the world.

They have countered the enemy's most diabolical inventions. They have contrived weapons of war to which he has no adequate answer.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

Our war output per head of the population has been higher than that of any other country; the quality of the deadly goods we have been making during the past five years has been second to none.

Enormous new factories have been built; every technical problem of war time production has been solved by British brains.

It is clear that, given the opportunity, our scientists and technicians are competent to re-gear the country's war time machinery to the needs of peace.

But the Government is not giving them this opportunity.

Industrial leaders complain that they cannot obtain the release of the skilled men they need nor the material upon which they would have to work.

Few, if any, facilities are being granted to help British industry to solve its own problems.

Extraordinary though it may seem, the Government has put forward no reconstruction plans of its own, nor even given our business leaders so much as a rough estimate of the labour and materials upon which they can count.

In the United States and in Russia, the authorities are co-operating generously with business enterprise.

American manufacturers, while still engaged on war production, are being encouraged to perfect their post-war plans. They can count upon obtaining all the expert technical labour and all the requisite material needed.

We, too, must face the future. Prosperity must be maintained in Britain and extended to the whole world.

In the world markets there must no longer be cut-throat competition but planned co-operation; there will be demand for all the goods that the great exporting countries can produce, and Britain should be ready to play its part in re-equipping an impoverished globe.

In our country we must make good the shortages imposed by five years of costly war. Our people must be able to obtain the houses and all the hundred and one other accessories to a comfortable life.

That is another way of saying that we must be ready for full employment; ready with plans to switch our industries to the production of goods that the world will need and that will enable us to buy food and materials from abroad; ready, also, to make the finished articles that we ourselves will require.

We must not be caught unprepared this time!

Did These Germans Commit Suicide?

I know of only one prominent man who took his own life in pair over the defeat of his ntry in 1918.

d this solitary patriot was a German

s name was Albert Ballin. A ship- magnate, head of the Hamburg- rika Line, he was a personal friend he Kaiser.

tried in vain to dissuade the Kaiser the proclamation of indiscriminate warfare because it would bring rica into the war. When his pro- es came true, and the Kaiser fled olland, Ballin took poison.

* * *

ow I read every day of the suicides erman generals, diplomats, business- and other prominent people of the d Reich. Remembering the only ded case of a patriotic suicide in I wonder how many of these d-s are true.

When I read that a tough Nazi like Manfred von Killinger, the German Minister in Bucharest, killed his girl secretary and then himself after the German collapse in Rumania, I wonder what actually happened.

Von Killinger was involved, with his brother, in the assassinations of two Republican statesmen, Erzberger and later Rathenau, some twenty years ago. It is difficult for me to believe that he turned sentimental in his older days.

I would think it more possible that Field Marshal von Kluge did shoot himself, as admitted by a captured Nazi war correspondent. The way in which Von Kluge led his armies into a quick series of disasters was so foolish that the best thing he could do, from his professional point of view as Prussian militarist, was to blow out his brains.

Whether General von Beck and others involved in the recent plot against Hitler really committed suicide is difficult to say. This explanation may have been given by the *Gestapo* to cover the cold-blooded murder of dissatisfied generals by order of Himmler.

There is another more sinister possibility behind the recent suicides.

Many Nazi leaders and under-leaders know that they are doomed. The lists of war criminals are ready. There will be no escape for them into neutral countries.

* * *

Their supreme hope may, therefore, be to sham death. Once their "suicide" is announced they can disappear and, with faked identity papers, which it will be easy for them to secure through the *Gestapo*, they can start a new life in some part of Germany, or even abroad.

Officially, they will be dead. Actually, they will survive under assumed names and begin to make mischief again as soon as the danger for them is over.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

No Successor For Hitler!

Thomas Mann means nothing to the German people

THERE are already whispers about "Herr Blank," or "Excellenz X"—Hitler's potential successor. The list of candidates for the position of Germany's ruler is formidable.

There must be somebody, the sponsors argue, with whom the Allied Armies of Occupation can deal; and that "somebody" should be a German.

Looking through the list of suggestions, I wonder.

Most of them come from America. They are headed by the name of a venerable, an unimpeachable German: Thomas Mann, the writer who left Germany of his own accord as a protest against the Nazi regimentation of the spirit. He assumed Czech and, later, American nationality.

But all through his life, Thomas Mann has been an unpolitical person. Only in exile did he actively campaign against the Nazis.

He may appeal to the few German intellectuals who have survived successive purges. He means nothing to the German people.

★ ★ ★

Objections apply to many other suggested candidates. There is Herr Bruenning, who was Chancellor before the Papen-Schleicher era ushered in the Nazi régime.

Bruenning is now a lecturer at Harvard University. But it was his "emergency decrees" which muzzled democratic institutions in pre-Hitler Germany.

There is also Prince Frederick of Prussia, who stayed behind in Britain when war broke out and willingly submitted to internment. He was last reported to have taken advantage, anonymously, of the opportunity offered to anti-Nazi Germans of serving in the British Army.

This young man is a Hohenzollern and, whether it is right or wrong, he bears the stigma that attaches to his name.

There are many other candidates for the position of "Excellenz X." From Russia comes news that General von Seydlitz, head of the anti-Nazi officers' union formed in Russian prison camps, would be an acceptable candidate to our Eastern Allies.

His hold on the army, on the German officer and Junker class is quoted in his favour. This is an illusion. If the Junkers survive they will never forgive a man whom they regard as a traitor to their class. This equally applies to his comrade: Field-Marshal Paulus.

★ ★ ★

Other names on the list include Wittelsbacher princes, Bavarian Catholics who would have the support of the Vatican and the large Roman Catholic population in Germany; and Dr. Goerdeler, the brains behind the recent anti-Hitler movement, whose reported capture by the Nazis is by no means confirmed.

There is not, among all these names, a genuine democrat.

The fact is that such a German does not exist

The conclusion is that the Allied military government will have to dispense with any "head" of the reconstituted German State. They will themselves have to take the full burden of their arduous task.

There cannot be, there must not be, a successor to Hitler for a long time to come!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Lt.-General FREDERICK E. MORGAN,

Deputy Chief of Staff, S.H.A.E.F.

General Morgan made it possible

DEAR GENERAL MORGAN,—"Some talk of Alexander. . . ." Nowadays, the talk is all about Eisenhower, Montgomery, Patton, Bradley, Patch, Hodge, and a new Alexander—the generals who are carving up the Nazis on the Continent, carving them up so ruthlessly that they and their generations to come will not soon forget the price an aggressor nation must pay for its folly and its crimes.

In this welter of praise and publicity the people of this country rarely hear your name mentioned. I don't suppose one man in a hundred knows who you are or what you have done.

Yet it was *your* plan that made possible the glorious victories that carried Allied armour across Western Europe, that made possible the liberation of Paris and Brussels, and of millions of people who for years had lived in the shadow of history's darkest tyranny.

Long before Eisenhower was appointed Supreme Commander you, with the aid of a special planning staff drawn from the Navy, the Army, and the R.A.F., prepared in closest secrecy the plan which was to be the basis for the invasion of Normandy.

In August, 1943, your plan was approved at the Quebec Conference. Then you had the further task of converting your planning staff into a fully integrated operational and administrative headquarters.

By the end of the year that task, too, was accomplished. And when General Eisenhower became Supreme Commander all he had to do was to revise finally and adopt the plan.

Few men must have seen planning brought to such historic fruition as yours. Looking at that success beyond terms of war, it means that your brain and your ideas were primarily employed in bringing to great nations that freedom and happiness for which they had yearned for years.

Eisenhower may go down as the Liberator. But history should record you as the man who made Liberation possible.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,

Minister of Town and Country Planning

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—When men fight to save a country, as millions are fighting for Britain to-day, they don't battle vaguely for a land as a whole, they struggle for that little patch of country, whether it be village or hamlet, town or city, which has become especially dear to them.

Now, unless action is taken to check regional planning authorities, it seems that many small villages are doomed—condemned as "too small to live."

Congham (population 250), Norfolk, is one such village. When the authorities were asked to approve a site in the village for cottages to be built after the war for returning Servicemen, the reply was: "This hamlet is too small and no further houses should be erected there."

In other words, the men of Congham, who fought and suffered for Britain, and whose dreams of happiness were centred around their village, will probably have to seek homes elsewhere.

Congham is to be a test case. The issues involved are important, and I hope that your Ministry sufficiently appreciates just what this phase of Government policy means in terms of happiness. The people have the right to live in the place they choose, not the place some regional authority chooses for them.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE,

Somewhere in Paris

DEAR WODEHOUSE,—The Germans were "naice" to you three years ago when they installed you in a de-luxe hotel and graciously let you broadcast to this country. "Don't let's be beastly to the Germans." Good hosts, weren't they, to you when thousands were being tortured in Dachau and other infamous concentration camps?

Your apologia—it made out that your broadcasts were stupidly naïve in the best Bertie Wooster fashion—leaves me cold. So does your remark that you intend to report to the authorities.

But I shouldn't report to the French authorities, because they might not think that your little talks from Berlin were so naïve or so "naice." Nor, I imagine, would they appreciate any references to German hospitality.

Personally, I don't care a damn what happens to you. Whatever you do or say in the future, you will remain outside the pale for all those who suffered in this island and had another sort of hospitality showered on them by the Germans.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT BRADBURY,

Chairman, Northwich Council

DEAR SIR,—**So the women have beaten your all-male council in their fight for the right to attend council meetings.**

I thought the council attitude wrong when it refused to allow the local branch of the "Women for Westminster"—whatever that may mean—to send three representatives to act as "observers" at its meetings.

But I'm glad you had the common-sense to admit later that "these public-spirited people" should be allowed to attend.

Women, in my opinion, don't take enough interest nor play a sufficiently large part in local government. They know as much, probably more, of the life and opinion of a town or district, and they certainly know what they want in the way of homes and amenities.

They should take a more responsible rôle in running and administering such public activities as clinics and child welfare centres.

And they should be equally keen on the manner in which public money is spent.

The domineering male who once had nothing but contempt for a woman interested in local affairs is behind the times. And the old idea that government, both national and local, is the prerogative of the male is just plain stupidity.

Women observers at all council meetings might help to destroy that illusion.—JOHN BULL.

Ruler of To-morrow

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

BEFORE the Brave New World becomes a reality, if it ever does, great deep wells of hatred will have to dry up.

That is the one certain legacy of the war-hatred. The last show was a gentlemen's quarrel comparatively and whatever hatred or detestation there was for the German was mostly vague and impersonal.

Things are different to-day. There is burning hatred of the Germans in the hearts of millions of Poles, Russians, French, Dutch, Norwegians, Greeks, Czechs, Danes, and Britons.

Germany's surrender will not kill that hatred.

The British Tommy, usually a good-natured, forgiving sort of man—a "softy" some of the lesser breed would call him—has great tolerance and still greater compassion.

But he hasn't any of those qualities left for the nation which welcomed the unleashing of Hitler's secret weapon, those flying bombs which so played on our nerves when they came spitting and droning over our offices and our homes.

Nor is there anything but hatred of Germans and all things German in the hearts of those scores of thousands whose homes have been ruined and whose possessions have been blasted by this murder weapon most foul.

The legacy of hatred is stupendous. In Germany there will be the bitterest hatred of all—the bitterness of a nation which had the cup of victory snatched from its grasp even after sipping of the heady wine.

There will be hatred of the British for the trail of devastation laid by the R.A.F.; especially hatred of us, too, because we stood alone against German mastery of the world and saved that world from darkness and despair.

How shall we dry up these wells of hatred? Who will dare to try? We perhaps demand retribution. We want Hitler and his gang to stand trial for the evils they have done.

Yet retribution does not kill hatred. Nor does justice following trial.

Our very imperfections make me despair of seeing in my time anything approaching my conception of a Brave New World. Call me a realist if you will, but not a pessimist.

That Better World cannot be built so long as hatred persists. Nor can that Better Britain.

Who dare to-day "kill hatred with a kiss"? You, I, your neighbours, your fighting son, your serving daughter, your husband, your wife?

No. None of us. For the world is not ripe for international kisses. Hatred rules—and will rule for years to come. That is war's most grievous, most terrible aftermath.

Major GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, M.

Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR MAJOR LLOYD GEORGE.—I do know what supplies of petrol we have this country, nor am I particularly k to know, but I feel certain that there enough, *and to spare*, to prosecute war in all its vigour until the end.

Tankers cross the Atlantic with regularity of freight trains. The U-b threat to our shipping is virtually end And dispersed all over Britain are w petrol and oil dumps which would k my fourteen horse-power car runn until the body has disintegrated.

Premature and false reports that w Ministry would soon restore the ba ration of petrol to private motori raised hopes that one, at least, of pre-war pleasures was to be given b to us, even if in a limited way.

But your Department has "no s intentions . . . in the immediate futur

Why? For years our cars have st nated in garages and depositories. willingly sacrificed our motoring w the need was imperative.

Surely there is enough fuel in t country now to divert some to civil use?

I expect that your Ministry, like all t others, suffers badly from an ult cautious complex. Don't do anyth which smacks of originality or visi That would put you out of line.—Jo BULL.

Mr. M. G. CLIFFORD,

Clerk to Wing (Bucks) District Counc

DEAR SIR,—A pleasant little villa Wing, set in pleasant English count well-wooded, with smiling fields and r pasture. Once the villagers heard flying bomb explode in the distance, that unpleasant sound, I thought, mi have brought home to them some pict of the ordeal which London and t southern area were undergoing.

But Wing and its villagers, apparen are blind and deaf to the call of co passion. Householders slammed doors on expectant mothers evacua from London. Tenants of ten ho which you visited refused flatly to anything to do with evacuees.

Not such a pleasant village, after yours.

Don't you think you could tell to th inhospitable and harsh householders story of another expectant mother nearly 2,000 years ago, was delivered a child called Jesus, in a manger?—Jo BULL.

These Men are A1 at Lloyd's

*** Close on four hundred men of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets have won Lloyd's War Medal for bravery at sea and in so doing have displayed great gallantry, for Lloyd's standard is high**

By MARK PRIESTLEY

REMEMBER Captain Bill Stubbs, the Red Duster skipper who defied the *Graf Spee*? Or Chief Engineer Charles Pollard, the man who repaired the *San Demetrio's* scorched and shattered engines?

Remember Philip Windsor, the radio officer who remained at his post aboard a fast-sinking ship, signalling the avenging destroyers until the very instant when his vessel stood quivering on her stern for the death plunge?

Recall Seaman Evan Griffiths—and his forty-one days' adrift? Able-Seaman Bill Dryden—and his fight with blazing cordite?

No doubt you know at least some of these names. They bear the bright and permanent fame of valour.

You Have to Earn It

Yet, unknown and unrecognised, they were first published to the world in the awards lists of a private decoration—Britain's only private medal for "exceptional gallantry in time of war."

Should you ever see a weather-beaten man with a blue and silver ribbon, be sure he's one of the heroes who have won Lloyd's War Medal for Bravery at Sea—for it takes some earning.

Out in the solitary grey sea wastes, recently, a drab-painted merchantman was sailing alone when a U-boat was sighted.

Captain John Peters rang his engine-room for full speed, and ordered evasive action.

Clinging to a stanchion while his ship lurched in zigzags, he saw the first torpedo shoot harmlessly by. The shipowners say the miss was due to his sheer nerve and seamanship.

Then came the second torpedo—an unavoidable hit, an explosion that left in its wake a tornado of hungry flame.

The ship swung over in a heavy list of apparent doom, but there was no rush to the boats, no final cry of "Abandon ship!"

Skipper Peters and his stout-hearted crew stayed aboard. The skipper corrected the list. The seamen fought the flames.

The U-boat surfaced, unmasked machine-guns and drenched the ship with withering bullets.

But Peters gave as good as he got.

His guns splashed the enemy with lead, drove them from the gun-posts fore and aft, stampeded them from the conning tower and—in the dust-dry terminology of heroism—"replied so effectively that the enemy broke off the engagement."

The battered submarine sheered off, but the real fight, the battle to save a gallant ship, went on.

Down in the flooded, fume-filled depths of the engine-room, the greasers stayed at their posts. Sometimes they could scarcely see the catwalks for the scalding mist of escaping steam.

On the decks, blistered, suffocated, blackened but undaunted, the hands faced up to the ravenous fire.

It was a tough struggle. Long after Chief Engineer Eric Kelly had stemmed the leaks, executed repairs and was making full speed, the flames were still lapping and roaring.

Bert Got a Medal

Fires were faced and fought all the way to the nearest port. As the crippled ship dropped anchor they were still swabbing her down with half-melting hoses till the last flame flickered and died.

Maybe, too, that's only half the story. Too soon to tell!

Skipper Peters and Engineer Kelly have won the "L.M.," but time alone can assign their place in seafaring history.

I only know that, when you glance back through Lloyd's annals, you find the now immortal *San Demetrio* originally described merely as an anonymous ship "hit by a raider and abandoned." And you discover, cautiously outlined with similar brevity, sagas of endurance that should be known to all.

Chief Engineer Tom McCuaig, for instance, worked up to his waist in rushing water deep in the torn and jagged bowels of a torpedoed ship, patching her up so that after thirteen danger-filled days she limped safely home.

And Bert Preston, deck boy—well, what can you expect of a deck boy when he faces peril and fire, however well he has been trained at a pool school?

When the torpedo struck, he saw a shipmate blown clean overboard by the explosion—and he promptly went after him.

Both were covered in oil. As fast as young Bert tried to drag his mate from the sea, so his hands slipped . . . and the other fell back.

The ship was afire and settling rapidly by the head. Imminent threat of a dangerous cargo blowing up, men jumping into the boats—and a mere boy running along the deck to find a heaving line for his comrade!

That's how the silver "L.M." is won. He dashed through the smoke and flames to the forecastle head. He was burned, badly burned, about the face and arms, but he still went on. And he returned with the rope, only to find his colleague had disappeared.

But his chief reported to the shipowners, and the shipowners reported to Lloyd's. At a brief little ceremony at the shipping offices, young Bert received his medal. . . .

Then there's the valour, pitted against terror and ordeal, of John Albert Milton, Third Officer, whose ship was "torpedoed in darkness while sailing alone."

After the torpedo strikes valour is pitted against terror

Again and again that pregnant phrase occurs in the latest Lloyd's list. Living proof, for the complacent, that the terror and the wonder of sea warfare still go on.

Imagine the sinking ship; the brooding, murmuring sea; the blackness; the four undamaged boats hastily lowered.

And then a second torpedo, striking into the ship's side, splintering one of the boats so that she had to be abandoned.

And Third Officer Milton's boat swamped also by the explosion, its men thrown into the water, cursing, clutching. . . .

High Standard

Milton kept his head. He and the others remaining aboard baled it out. Men were hauled back from the shadowy sea. Three boats closely packed with survivors finally got away from the ship.

They sailed and drifted, sailed and drifted for ten days before being at last picked up. And then the rescuing ship was torpedoed!

Once more in charge of a boat, Milton made another voyage of six days before being rescued. A month later, on his way home, he was torpedoed again. .

Nearly four hundred seafarers of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets have so far gained the Lloyd's Medal. Sometimes they have gained the George Medal or the George Cross or maybe the M.B.E. as well, for the standard is high.

And sometimes the official award has come while the members of the private committee of Lloyd's have still been trying to make up their minds in assessing a feat of high courage.

For it means something to men, as to ships, to be A1 at Lloyd's.

Experts and the Booby-trap

● It is an open question whether a certain mystery package discovered in a ship's hold in an American port recently has not turned out to be the best booby-trap of the war!

At all events, the story is travelling rapidly round Service circles in the United States.

The mystery package in question, securely wrapped, was discovered by a sailor. In fact, he nearly stepped on it.

The sailor was a war veteran. He knew all about booby-traps and sabotage in the Merchant Service.

So when his eyes fell on the package he swerved from it and departed in considerable haste to report his discovery.

In doing so he set in motion the mighty forces of expert officialdom.

★ ★ ★

The first arrival on the scene was a port officer, who bravely cat-walked the package off the ship and into a safe place before calling for the nearest bomb-disposal squad.

The squad wisely had it X-rayed before touching the wrappings. The X-ray plates revealed an absence of timing-mechanism, which ruled out at least one type of bomb.

In order not to endanger the port—for nobody knew how powerful the explosive contents of the mystery machine might be—the package was removed with infinite care to an Army arsenal, and there X-rayed again.

The plates verified the absence of anything looking like an infernal machine, but this time disclosed a heavy substance like powder, which strengthened the experts' view that the package contained something really nasty in the way of destructive substance.

★ ★ ★

So it was transported, again very gently, many miles to an experimental station out in the open country.

Here it was carefully placed in position at the far end of a firing range and riflemen, well protected behind a sandbagged rampart, fired bullets at it.

Nothing happened!

As the bullets failed to explode the package, it once again went back to the arsenal for further experiments and analysis.

It was this careful, expert analysis which finally solved the mystery.

The "booby-trap" was a tin of dehydrated corned beef hash!

PATRICK SPENCER.

Swaffer Talking

ROYALISTS of Italy were almost scared to walk out of doors before Churchill arrived in Rome.

Then he fussed over Badoglio, "The Duke of Addis Ababa," made the republican leader meet him in fact, and entertained at a British Embassy lunch Prince Umberto, "The Lieutenant Regent," to whom the anti-Fascist Government refused to take an oath of fealty.

Next day, the supporters of the discredited monarchy were cock-a-hoop, crowing and boasting "The British nation is behind us!"

Is that really true? If so, what do the Greeks think? and the Albanians and Abyssinians?

I ASK VANSITTART . . .

How far is the Vansittartist denunciation of "every German" to go?

I ask because the Dutch army of liberation was led into the capital of Holland by Prince Bernhard, the German-born husband of Princess Juliana.

Until he married the heiress to the Dutch throne, Prince Bernhard, who was poor but popular, earned his living by supplying news to English journalists in Berlin. Circumstances kept him friendly with all sorts of Nazi leaders.

Then there is the King of Greece, a son of the Kaiser's sister.

Others are nearer home. . . .

GLORIOUS GREECE

Brigadier Gorman, here in charge of the Australian rehabilitation scheme for prisoners released from German camps—6,000 of them will soon come over—was almost rhapsodic about the Greeks when I met him the other day.

"Although almost all we Australians and New Zealanders did was to blow up their bridges and drive into their foodless cities refugees by the thousand," he said, "you would have judged by their kindness and help that we had saved their country. We did our best; but we couldn't do much.

"'Get away before the Germans come,' was the phrase I heard for hours before I escaped after our futile effort to help. 'Bless you, but get away.'

"What a nation the Greeks are! Right to the end I saw posted up on hundreds of buildings a most savage cartoon—one of Hitler, as a butcher with a bloody knife, killing the pigs of neutrals.

"I wanted them to take the posters down, 'for the Germans will be here in a day or two.'

"Only after urgent pressure would they do so!"

THE PREMIER'S FEAR

We all have our own pet part of Europe—the one we have feared would be ravaged by the Nazi blackguards.

Col. Drew, who is Premier of Ontario, asked me, when he arrived the other day, "What has happened to Florence?"

It seems his wife was born there. He married the beautiful daughter of Edward Johnson, the tenor who is now on the board of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Marshal Badoglio looks over-dressed

"WHO IS NOEL COWARD?"

Post-war youth, in the 1920's in which it sneered at "the failure of the old men," turned to Noel Coward as its idol.

When, however, Noel went behind the stage, after the first night of "To-morrow the World," to congratulate, and advise, young David O'Brien, the fourteen-year-old acting genius was by no means impressed that a man regarded as "the leader of the profession" was being so friendly.

It seemed, almost, that he did not know who Coward was!

Suddenly—and in Noel Coward's presence—he asked, most excitedly, *"Is it true Bing Crosby's in front?"*

A crooner, not an actor-playwright, is the idol of the Youth of 1944! It would class Coward, now forty-five, as "one of the old men."

ACTING EXPOSED . . .

"These child actors make our job look so easy," said Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

"But then I'm used to it. In Hollywood, the chief star is a horse named Flicker. Next comes Lassie, a dog—and then Edgar Bergen's dummy. What are we humans?"

"Do you remember Bimbo, the monkey?" I put in. "When he had seen him on the film, Godfrey Tearle said to me, 'After Bimbo, I retire!'"

MONTY, POLITICIAN?

I hear—and from a source usually well informed—that Monty has an ambition to turn politician, when the war is won, and to lead the Liberal Party into battle!

I warn him, in case it is true, that the great Duke of Wellington, whose Waterloo he has just outshone, had his railings torn down by a mob when he was Premier—and that General Grant made a very bad President.

He might retort, "What about Cromwell and Washington?"

EUROPE'S BLACK MARKET

While millions starved in enslaved Europe, collaborationists, profiteers and black market grafters made fortunes.

One extraordinary case was that of a Belgian who, even to-day, is only twenty-four. He took loads of chemical fertiliser into France, exchanged them for cognac and then, by giving a case or two, or a few bottles, to various-graded Germans who provided him with petrol with which to carry it away, sold it in the Brussels black market.

By doing this for nearly four years he made 70,000,000 francs! This, at the ridiculous official rate of 200 francs to the £—soldiers say that 2,000 to the £ would be fairer—is £350,000.

IS THIS WHY WE FOUGHT?

FORGOTTEN BRITAIN

The lamentable failure of our "propaganda" in America, despite the millions spent and the 3,000 people hired by the Ministry of Information, was admitted, a fortnight or so ago, by one of our highest functionaries in the States.

"In many parts of this country," he said, "the Union Jack is never seen. People fly the Stars and Stripes and the Canadian flag, but apparently do not consider Britain's share in the war worthy of acknowledgment!"

Lord Halifax was friendly enough to the reporters, when he received them after his last return to Washington, to tell them to take off their coats! But then he retired into frigidity. What a story about London's courage in the doodle-bug raids he could have told. He didn't.

Now Drew Pearson, the columnist, complains that our Government kept all that a secret from his countrymen!

BEVERIDGE THE GREAT

Who would you send, next, to Washington? He mustn't be a peer. He must be a democrat. He must be approachable and yet have culture.

When, the other night, I was asked, I replied: "Sir William Beveridge. His recent tour of America was a triumph. But then I would have made him Minister of Reconstruction. And when, recently, Roger Eckersley asked me who would make the best head of the B.B.C., which required a man of vision, a man of culture, and a man with a broad mind, I said, 'Beveridge.'"

I regard Sir William, indeed, as one of the outstanding men of the last half-century.

AN EX-PREMIER JOKES

Viscount Bennett, formerly Premier of Canada—he is a Conservative—was chaffing me last week.

"I always read you," he said, "you and your championship of the downtrodden. It's nice to be one of the uptrodden working for the downtrodden."

BOMBERS—AND LIGHTERS

The aircraft worker [illegible] was boasting of the bombers his factory was turning out was asked if they had made any fighters.

"Yes," he said. "I've made 200 myself."

Then, seeing the amazement on the other man's face and hearing "You've made 200 fighters?" he explained, "Oh, I thought you said lighters."

By A. G. Gardi[illegible]

The forces of liber[illegible] sweep across

THESE are great moments in which to b[illegible] alive. The long night of the Terro[illegible] has passed, and through the scatter[illegible]ing clouds the sun of freedom [illegible] breaking over the face of Europe. Every day almost every hour, comes freighted with ne[illegible] tidings of deliverance.

Even for us who never fell under th[illegible] jackboot of the tyrant, never had the chain[illegible] of the *Gestapo* clamped upon our limbs, th[illegible] sense of deliverance is a thrilling experienc[illegible]

We recall to-day the agonies an[illegible] anxieties of that time when we alone stoo[illegible] between the barbarians and their conquest o[illegible] the world. We recall the dreadful winters o[illegible] the blackout, when our cities went up i[illegible] flames, and when all the world gave us u[illegible] for lost.

Day followed day and month succeede[illegible] month without one ray of light penetratin[illegible] the darkness. We strained our ears to catc[illegible] a word of hope from across the Atlantic.

We took what comfort we could from th[illegible] magnificent heroism of little Greece, fro[illegible] the stubborn courage of Yugoslavia, fro[illegible] the brilliant episode of Abyssinia, from th[illegible] gallantry of our seamen at the River Plat[illegible] Taranto, in the Norwegian fiords, in th[illegible] sinking of the *Bismarck*.

* * *

But all the time the great tide was flow[illegible] ing against us. Our Atlantic life-line was i[illegible] desperate peril from the U-boat.

We were at the end of our tether in th[illegible] Mediterranean. From Gibraltar to Alexan[illegible] dria our only anchorage in the Middle Sea wa[illegible] little Malta.

And the whole Continent was in th[illegible] hands of the enemy.

No wonder the world gave us up for los[illegible] But we did not give ourselves up for lost, an[illegible] our tenacity was rewarded.

It was rewarded by Hitler himself. Whe[illegible]

he gave us, States of A[illegible] and assure[illegible]

It has [illegible] have been [illegible] —Hong-ko[illegible] *Prince of* devastatio[illegible] sight, and

And if who have [illegible] our neck,.[illegible] four years [illegible] that heel?

Never a parallel is now swe[illegible]

The f imaginatio[illegible] a half. Bu[illegible] the fall of

Hitler of individu[illegible]

In tha freedom w[illegible] master ra[illegible] appointed [illegible] were to be[illegible] serfs.

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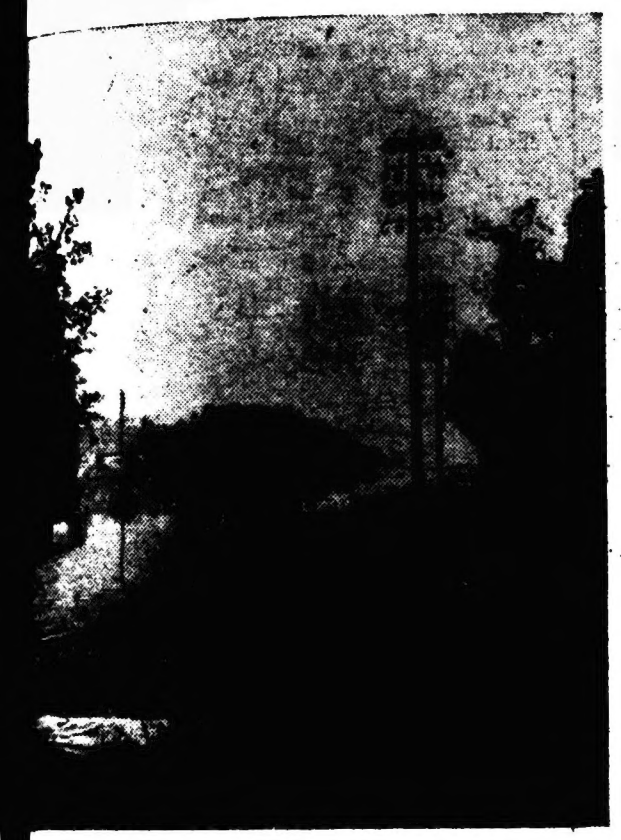
Deliverance



sweep across Europe

he gave us, first Russia, and then the United States of America, as allies, he lost the war and assured us the victory.

It has been a long time coming, and there have been many anxious times in the interval —Hong-kong, Singapore, the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, and the devastations of the U-boat. But the end is in sight, and deliverance is here.

* * *

And if it is a thrilling experience for us who have never had the barbarian heel upon our neck, what must it be for those who for four years have been ground to the dust under that heel?

Never in human history has there been a parallel to the wave of emancipation that is now sweeping over Europe.

The fall of the Bastille has held the imagination of the world for a century and a half. But what we are witnessing to-day is the fall of a Bastille as big as a continent.

Hitler had made of Europe a prison, not of individuals, but of nations.

In that prison the very idea of human freedom was to perish. Under the lash of a master race—itself enslaved by its own self-appointed leader—all the nations of Europe were to be reduced for ever to the status of serfs.

They were to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the master race.

All key industries were to be taken from them. The possession of those industries was the source of power, and it must be concentrated in the hands of the master race.

All education was to be blotted out. Education and slavery cannot co-exist, and since the purpose of Nazi Germany's Bastille was to establish a slave world, education and civilisation must perish.

Barbarism was to be the sole *Kultur* of the new Europe. The slave nations were to be compulsorily barbarised, and the master race itself was to be trained in barbarism as its only religion.

The Christian civilisation was to be repudiated, and Satanism was to be the gospel of Hitler's Europe.

This was the Nazi programme for the New Order, and Hitler, in his heyday—before he had, under adversity, acquired the gift of silence—loved to predict that this hideous nightmare would endure for "a thousand years."

Nor was it to be limited to Europe. His Bastille was to cover the earth.

* * *

Hitler's thousand years are a good deal short of fulfilment, but his Bastille is tumbling to ruin about his ears. It is collapsing more rapidly than it was built up.

The headache he gave us four years ago has returned to him with an avalanche of interest. Then we dreaded waking in the morning to hear of the conquests he had made over-night.

Now the thunders of deliverance roar in upon him hour by hour. And the hope that sustained us in the dark night is not for him.

Given time, we knew that the world would rise and crush this monstrous conspiracy against its freedom. We knew that eternal slavery—and slavery to such a gang of miscreants—could not be the doom of mankind.

But Hitler knows that wherever the swastika falls—in France, in Belgium, in Holland, in Rumania, Bulgaria, Finland—it falls never to rise again.

Everywhere his armies are routed and fleeing and his European fortress has shrunk to the dimensions of his own distracted country.

In the wreck that has overtaken him and his fellow criminals he threatens to engulf the miserable people who have been his tools and abettors.

That is Germany's lookout. The hideous crimes that have been perpetrated in her name and with her sanction leave the world indifferent to her fate, except in so far as that fate is bound up with the future well-being of mankind.

In this day of European deliverance our rejoicing is qualified by one fact. European deliverance does not finish our task. World deliverance is our goal, and after Germany there remains Japan.

The disease of that country is indistinguishable from the disease of Germany. It has the same origin in the crazy notion of the master race, devoid of law or morals, and vested with a divine right to possess the earth.

The fear that Japan might be a tougher problem than Germany is not now held. Her outlook is not substantially better than that of Germany, and the crushing defeat of the latter cannot fail to have a depressing effect in Tokyo.

So far the business of dealing with her has been mainly left to America. That business our ally has done, as it were, with one hand, and has done it to such purpose that she has driven Japan out of the sky and almost off the sea.

That being so, we ought together to make short work of her when we are masters of Berlin.

Then the task of deliverance all over the earth will be accomplished. And having slain the two-headed monster of racial supremacy, the world will be criminally negligent if it ever allows it to be resurrected. The Bastille is falling. Let it fall for ever.

Harvest Home in the Front Line

A LITTLE old man dressed in shabby black was standing in a doorway, looking out through the rain into the street of a small market town. His brown face was drawn and his eyes were red with lack of sleep.

A flying-bomb snarled over, with a fighter close behind. We waited. We had seen it so many times in the past ten weeks.

★ ★ ★

Half a minute later came the explosion.

The old man turned his face and grinned.

"Too far off for my place," he said. "I've got some oats to get in as soon as it clears."

That old man farms a stretch of downland in Bomb Alley. The rain had given him a chance to cycle into town to attend a meeting. As we stood, sheltering from the rain, he told me something of this year's harvest.

He and two other old men do all the work of a sizeable farm. Two Land Girls look after his poultry, pigs and cows, and one of them "shapes pretty well" with the horses. And there was his main difficulty.

His horses have become so terrified by the noise of the defences that he cannot use them!

After his team had bolted with a load of wheat on which he was riding, he moved them away to a farm where it is quieter, and borrowed a tractor.

All through the harvest flying-bombs have come across those downlands, day and night. Many have been shot down within a few miles; three on the farm itself.

They reaped the Doodle-bug harvest

Every house in the village has been damaged, and some of the farm buildings are down.

For many weeks none of the local workers has had a night's sleep; a few hours now and then have kept them going.

Shell-splinters, rockets, cannon-shell and wreckage have shattered down round them as they worked, and many a time they have had to dive for cover. And there is little effective cover in an open cornfield.

Those old men are tired out. The girls, smiling and cheerful, have worked on, so sleepy that they kept going only with the greatest effort.

But the harvest has been brought in. That field of oats was the last of the crop. Now, without a pause, work will begin on getting ready for the next "seasoning."

★ ★ ★

Few of us realise the debt we owe to the farmers and farm workers of Southern England in this, the last harvest of the war.

Their farms have been in the front line since 1940. This year—Doodle-bug Harvest—has been the worst. Let us remember those old men and girls and, in our own way, celebrate Harvest Home.

WALLACE ARTER.

GRAFT—HOW TO CURB IT

Government contracts should be as far above suspicion as the Parliamentary voting system

● People of all occupations are "in the swim" in the slimy waters of war time corruption.

● Even doctors—one accepted a bribe of five hundred guineas.

● And still the Government does little to stop the evil.

● What it could and should do is explained in this last article of our exposures of graft.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

AS I have shown during the last few weeks in these articles on war time graft, the forms which corruption take are legion. And the guilty persons come from every walk of life.

They include market salesmen and farmers; butchers; hotel proprietors and their agents; councillors and police officers; contractors.

They have been found among telephone salesmen; officers and men in the Services; surveyors; clerks of works; buyers of textile goods; docks managers and stevedores; Civil Servants. Even among doctors and solicitors.

Medical men have taken bribes for helping men to keep out of the Services. I know several whose operations in this direction have been reported to the police, but who can still go about freely because proof cannot be obtained.

There is one practitioner in the West End of London who has received many large fees for giving injections to patients so that they developed a form of epilepsy, or what appeared to be a disease of the heart, when they were due for official medical examination.

In one case his fee was five hundred guineas.

Another culprit, who was a prosperous doctor until he was struck off the rolls by the British Medical Association, has been using his knowledge to achieve similar ends.

Scotland Yard officers know a good deal about him, but here, again, sufficient proof to secure a conviction has so far eluded them.

Even public analysts, since the tightening of regulations governing food substitutes and medicines, have been offered bribes to make corrupt reports.

Social Evil

Mr. T. McLachlan, chairman of the London Section of the British Association of Chemists, recently declared that he had himself been offered fees varying from ten to fifty times as much as he receives as a public analyst to support firms likely to be prosecuted for offences in connection with foodstuffs.

A branch of the National Union of Journalists a month or two ago passed a resolution "resenting and deploring the growing tendency on the part of members of the public to secure the suppression of certain types of cases through personal influence and the offer of financial inducements."

In one case, £20 was offered to a junior reporter to keep a paragraph out of the newspaper for which he worked.

Sir David Milne-Watson, the great industrialist and President of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, agrees that, since the war started, there has been a progressive rise in the number of convictions for bribery—exceeding anything which has been previously known.

"I fear," he said quite recently, "that there are comparatively few people who realise what a grave social evil really exists in their midst. It is a matter of great concern."

Inspection Needed

He endorses the fact, too, that a very large number of these offences remain undetected, or—owing to the cleverness of their perpetrators—are incapable of legal proof.

His records show that the convictions which *have* been obtained relate mostly to war contracts, and that among the large number of temporary Government officials who are now employed, there are many who either abuse their positions *deliberately* or give way to temptation.

What is the Government going to do about it?

It is obvious that something drastic must be done—and that soon.

It annoys me to hear officials saying that, with the prospect of an early end to the European war, the lessening of war contracts will automatically lessen the evil.

Plans are now being made for the reconstruction of the economic and commercial life of this country after the war.

It must be our business to ensure that such plans are carried out in accordance with the principles of clean and honest methods of trading.

Here are some of the things that will have to be done:

Contracts should not be given until the strictest inquiries have been made into the reputations and methods of the firms or persons to whom they are granted.

Every Government official who is *in any way* concerned in the allocation of contracts must be a man or woman above reproach. There have been far too many cases in the past where guilty persons have been found to have criminal records.

Supervising officers of higher grades, and acting under Government regulations, should be given greater powers to examine the books and accounts of the firms concerned. Especially should they be wary where sub-contracts have been made.

Main contractors should be compelled to notify Government Departments *at once* when orders are placed with sub-contractors.

The work and the payrolls of sub-contractors should be regularly inspected. And inspections should always be made without previous warning.

The fact that periods of as long as eighteen months have elapsed before contracts have been written out after the work has been started shows the urgency of such steps.

Wage sheets, together with the insurance cards of all employees, should be periodically checked together. Accountants should make audit investigations at least twice a year.

Wherever there is even only a suspicion of malpractice, prompt investigations should be made regardless of cost. A few pounds spent immediately a graft scandal is suspected, may prevent thousands—or, as has often been the case in recent years—tens of thousands of pounds being misappropriated.

Where municipal contracts are concerned, committees of local councils should not have the last word in the placing of them.

Specially deputed "panels" of each council should be formed periodically, with an independent chairman each time, and through them only should contracts, purchases and sales be authorised.

The Government department concerned should be empowered to permit these "panels" to spend public money to a reasonable extent on investigations to ensure that the negotiations are clean and not likely to be abused.

Tenders submitted for contracts should be made only by registered post and not opened until all tenders are in. And then opened only in the presence of the chairman and the whole panel.

The decision of all panels should be final and not subject to revision or alteration unless special permission, from the head of the Government Department concerned, has been obtained in writing.

The Director of Public Prosecutions is often afraid to entail public expenditure unless, on the surface value of the facts placed before him, he "feels fairly sure" that he will be successful in gaining convictions if he permits official inquiries to be prolonged.

This is a harmful procedure because, even if some of his ordered investigations proved abortive, he would save large sums of public money in the long run.

Here is a most interesting disclosure:

As far back as the beginning of 1941 certain Government Departments, after conferences with experienced accountants and officials, set down certain rules for the curbing of graft.

What happened to them I cannot discover.

Nobody seems to know! Certainly, they have been completely ineffective, if ever put into motion.

But one fact is clear. Bribery is an insidious offence that must be defeated.

Public Money at Stake

Unless it *is* defeated it will, without any doubt whatever, further break down the moral resistance of many business people when peace returns and private enterprise is released from what is supposed to be efficient official "control" to-day.

I have often deprecated "Government Commissions of Inquiry." So often they have spent large sums of money, done their work competently, and issued excellent recommendations —which have simply been shelved.

But never has the need been so urgent for a Commission to investigate every angle of this very grave scandal.

Perhaps some member of the House of Commons will raise the subject in Parliament, and not be satisfied until something is done.

I am convinced that, following my disclosures, the general public—whose money, after all, is at stake—will refuse to be placated by vague but soothing promises.

Graft and corruption, in all its forms, *must* be stopped.

Secrets Hidden Under the Soil

● If anyone deserves praise for their work in the underground armies, it's the geologists of the Geological Survey. For one thing their job really is underground.

It's a job that's been going on since 1835, this investigation of the Britain that lies under the soil. But in war time, when our mineral wealth has become vastly more important, the geologists have, by their discoveries and patient research, done much to ensure victory.

* * *

Before the war we imported from Italy and Sweden hundreds of thousands of tons of iron-ore for the manufacture of steel, and had we been deprived of those supplies—from the summer of 1940 onwards—our arms production would have been critically affected.

But thanks to the geologists we carried on. The iron-ore was located here in Britain, and the deposits have been worked ever since. The saving in shipping space alone has been colossal.

And the geologists have also played an incalculably vital part in the building up of the R.A.F.

Few of the aerodromes used as bases for the mighty air offensive against Germany could have been built without the expert advice of the geologists. They not only advised on the suitability of the sites so far as the ground and subsoils were concerned, but also on the essential underground water supplies for keeping the bases going.

And other geologists made an invaluable contribution to the aircraft industry by locating, in Britain, sources of felspar—the mineral from which is obtained the electrical porcelain used in the manufacture of aircraft sparking-plugs.

Few people realised, when France and Belgium collapsed, that we were automatically cut off from a main source of another vital material—the special sand used for such optical purposes as the making of camera lenses.

The geologists solved that problem, too. They located, in Scotland, resources of optical sand equal to the world's best. Every R.A.F. plane that now flies out on photographic reconnaissance is a tribute to their skill.

* * *

Mica—extensively used in the electrical industry—was formerly imported. It is now produced here, as the result of geological discoveries.

And the list of such discoveries could be extended—but for the fact that the knowledge might still assist the enemy.

One day, however, the full story will be told, and we will then realise how these men, probing the Britain that's underfoot, did so much to ensure the enemy's defeat.

D. J. M.

Sam Crouch also tried out how long it took a candle to burn down through an inch of its length

The Last Word

Short Story

By B. L. Jacot

Drawing by Edgar Spenceley

IT was a little thing that started the tragedy.

Old Samuel Crouch was walking thoughtfully up from the 'bus stop after his weekly visit to the wholesalers in Taunton when the sight of his own shopfront pulled him up short.

A peculiar change came over him. His vulture-like face became a mask of baffled rage, but with an effort he controlled himself.

"What's the idea," he demanded of Jim Stone, "putting all that stuff in the window?"

The old man who was his sole assistant in the little ironmonger's business immediately put on the stolid ox-like expression that for years had secretly infuriated Sam Crouch. "Spring display. Seeds. Make 'em buy."

Mr. Crouch knew in that moment that, after all these years, he was going to do it. He was going to murder Jim Stone.

"If I've told you once," he managed, "I've told you fifty times. I never display seeds until second week in April. You been wi' me thirty year and know it well's I do."

Jim Stone said nothing. Sam Crouch stamped into the back room he used as an office, and that seemed to be that.

But it wasn't. Not this time.

Sam Crouch lived with his widowed sister at the other end of the town. He had been in business at the shop for forty-seven years, in his father's time and in his own, and, a crusty old bachelor with his fad for neatness, people accepted him as they accepted any other part of the town.

LITTLE did they know the black hatred Sam Crouch had been building up for years, against the very man who for as long as anyone could remember had been helping him run the business.

This particular evening Sam Crouch shut himself in his room and set himself to work things out coldly and calmly. There were going to be no hasty and impetuous mistakes in the killing of Jim Stone.

Shortly after his father's death, Sam Crouch had taken on Jim Stone. It soon came out that he was as pigheaded and obstinate as a man could be. He left things lying about and had no idea of order or neatness.

But he was a hard worker, and on account of something he had done somewhere in the past, he didn't ask high wages.

If Sam Crouch wanted a tub painted green and told Jim to get on with the job, the odds were that next day Sam Crouch would find it resplendent in chocolate paint. If Sam Crouch told him the small wood screws should work up in size from the bottom left-hand drawer, he would likely as not find the stock arranged from the top drawer down.

You cannot unpaint a tub. To rearrange stock would waste half a day. As the years went on Sam Crouch grew to learn that Jim Stone thought he knew better and he always got his way by doing what couldn't be undone.

Of course, Sam Crouch could have sacked him. At times he could barely control himself sufficiently *not* to send him flying. But he knew well enough he could never have got another at anything like his price.

So Jim Stone stayed on to torment his boss in a hundred little victories. Jim Stone always won and, although he did not realise it, Sam Crouch, year by year, built up something that drove him nearer and nearer to desperation, until at last (as any psychologist could have told him) it pushed him over the limit.

Now that he was working out a foolproof way of getting rid of Stone, he felt strangely relieved. From now on, Sam Crouch told himself, he was going to run his business the way he wanted it.

The idea of burning the shop down gradually took shape. There was only one occasion when he had bested Jim Stone in a real show-down, mule against mule. The business about the dustbin in front of the shop. Jim Stone took to leaving it in front of the padlocked front door of the shop. That was the best place for it, to *his* way of thinking.

Sam Crouch, and his father before him, had always put the bin out each night when they shut up shop in the narrow entry at the side of the shop. Sam Crouch was thinking now how he had said: "Jim Stone! I won't have that dustbin in front of the door. y'understand? It's going where it always went—in the entry."

And to make sure, for years now, Sam Crouch had placed it there himself as part of the nightly ritual of locking up. Jim Stone would hand him the key, then go off down the street to his lodgings round the corner.

Getting the better of that obstinate fool for once had been sweet. But it was nothing like so sweet as planning to get rid of him for good. It was late before he went to bed that night, and next day he began to lay his plans in earnest.

At the back of the shop a trapdoor was let into the floor, giving access by means of a ladder to the cellar below. In this cellar lamp oil, under licence, was stored. When Jim Stone went off for his dinner at midday the old man tried an experiment.

A block and tackle overhung the trap for lowering heavy weights into the cellar. By means of a simple bolt in the chain links, Sam Crouch found he could cause the block to fall by pulling on a string, run along the ceiling and down the wall behind the counter.

The heavy block would fall on the head of anyone climbing the ladder up through the trapdoor.

Sam Crouch also tried out how long it took a candle to burn down through an inch of its length.

Wednesday night was the time fixed. Closing time. The falling block was cover for the chance of someone entering the shop at the moment of the killing. Fire in the cellars with all that paraffin about was not in itself suspicious.

Sam Crouch had thought of everything. Nothing could go wrong.

Nothing did.

As Jim Stone climbed up from the cellar, his employer sighted his head and pulled the string. The body tumbled back down the ladder to sprawl on the cellar floor.

SAM CROUCH methodically and neatly untied the string and picked up the bolt. He locked the shop door. No one now could say the block had not fallen by accident.

He made his way down the cellar ladder and examined the body. That was a part he did not like, but he had to make sure the man was dead. There was no doubt about it. Jim was dead as a door-nail.

Sam Crouch placed the wood shavings and soaked them, as planned. He set the three candle stumps, shielded from the draught. Then he put on his coat and hat and locked up the shop. This time he had to do Jim Stone's share of the ritual, too. He padlocked the door and trundled the dustbin round to the alley, where he left it, as he always did, against the wall.

JUST after midnight the shop would be an inferno of flame. Sam Crouch went home, secure in mind and with his face tight-lipped with triumph.

He had finished his supper and was lighting his pipe when Inspector Hammet called. The Inspector was ingratiating and pleasant in his manner at first—until he had got replies to several important questions.

Then he took Sam Crouch to the police station, where they charged him with murder and attempted arson. It wasn't until Sam Crouch had engaged a solicitor that he learnt how anyone could have discovered in that one night of thirty years of similar nights anything wrong with the premises.

"What made the police enter the shop and find the candles and things?" he demanded.

"I am informed," said the solicitor, "that the police constable who for some years has patrolled the area of your shop noticed that the dustbin was not in its usual place in front of the shop door and investigated."

Sam Crouch pushed to his feet. "That dustbin is *never* in front of the door!" he cried. "It's always in the entry!"

The solicitor shook his head. "I've looked into it," he told Sam Crouch slowly. "You left it in the entry each night, but your man was in the habit of returning after his supper each night and moving it to the shop door."

HUMAN MACHINE

Courage for a High Adventure!

We are rapidly coming to the end of an epoch. New ways, new opportunities, new trials and new dangers are very soon now going to confront us. And they are all unknown—that's the trouble with so many of us, they're unknown.

So many of us can face what we know with a high head and a stout heart. It is the unknown that terrifies. It is the unknown that unnerves and saps our strength and weakens our resolution.

Well, at any rate, let us make a beginning there.

Let us recognise firmly and clearly that our fear is not of what lies ahead, but of the vague atmosphere of mystery with which it is wrapped. To know that is to be a long way on the road to overcoming the fear.

"There are glorious years lying ahead of you," said the late J. M. Barrie, "*if you choose to make them glorious.*' And the poet Browning said:

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns life's smoothness rough,
That bids not sit, nor stand, but *go*.

It was Drinkwater who said perhaps the finest thing of all—a sentiment that should be our motto in the post-war years that are almost upon us:

But if you are immoderate men,
Zealots of joy, the salt and sting
And savour of life upon you—then
We call you to our counselling.

And we will hew the holy boughs
To make us level rows of oars,
And we will set our shining prows
For strange and unadventured shores.

Don't let us fear the future. Let us rather welcome it for the gifts it may bring. Courage—high spirits for a high adventure!

★ Thousands of Servicemen visualise a new life in a new country after the war. This new series of articles by CONNERY CHAPPELL tells them some of the things to expect, some of their chances of success.

A JOB IN THE COMMONWEALTH—No. 1

Australia

Farming in Australia is a job only for the expert

THE man who wants to settle down in the Empire after the war is likely to ask two questions. First, what sort of a life will he find out there? And, secondly, what sort of chance will he have of making good?

As far as Australia is concerned, the answers are straightforward.

Life in Australia is life with your jacket off. It is life without formality; it is no place for the stuffed-shirt.

The Australians live in one of the healthiest places in the world. They believe in the outdoor way of living, and their tastes are simple.

That produces the first hurdle for the would-be settler. He must be fit. Australia will want healthy people after the war, not invalids.

Experts Wanted

A medical examination for emigrants was always insisted on before the war; it will be insisted on again.

The second question is more complicated.

This much can be said at once: Australia will not want unskilled labourers. It is a vast country with a meagre seven million inhabitants. It has huge farming interests and a rapidly expanding industrial programme.

So Australia will want experienced farmers for her land and craftsmen for her factories.

Contrary to the usual belief, farming is not easy out there. The land itself is not particularly fertile, and it needs expert management. The scientific farmer can make good, but there is very little chance for the townsman who knows nothing about the ways of the soil and merely wants an open-air life.

It is on her manufacturing side that Australia offers a better chance to the average ex-Serviceman. Her industrial interests are increasing enormously.

More and more, in the future, Australia will manufacture the things she wants, rather than import them. Before the war she made no cars; now she has started to produce her own. Before the war she made no aircraft; now she is turning out her first machines. Outputs are expanding, new fields are being explored.

It will be in such trades as engineering, tool-making and the electrical industries that Australia will most need men.

Like Britain, Australia is faced with a post-war housing problem. One statesman has demanded an immediate programme for building 120,000 houses.

Then there are huge road and irrigation schemes being planned. Builders, skilled carpenters, civil engineers, surveyors, and so on, will be greatly in demand.

Australia is like a giant roused by the war. Her public utilities are expanding. She has schemes for civil aviation, so she needs men who can build airfields. She needs to standardise her sprawling railway system, so she will need railroadmen.

She wants to cut canals and ditches through the desert and bring more land into cultivation, so she will need men who really know how to work the soil. She will want miners to help her tap the unexplored wealth under her surface.

Officials at Australia House in London, while unable to reveal the full plans which have been drawn up, make it quite clear that British ex-Servicemen who wish to go to Australia after the war will receive very liberal treatment.

In the old days a married man had only to raise £11 for his ticket, while his young children went across the world at half that price. Some such arrangements will no doubt be made this time.

In the ten years which ended with the great depression in 1930, something like 230,000 people went to Australia, assisted by the Australian Government. Now it is imperative that the quota of emigrants is increased beyond that figure.

Lesson Learned

Twenty years ago her population was increasing at the rate of 125,000 a year —80,000 by the natural increase, and 45,000 by immigration. To-day fewer babies are being born and the difference between births and deaths has slumped to a mere 40,000. So Australia will need to secure 80,000 of the best type of settlers to keep up her original yearly rate of growth.

Australia has had a bad scare through the war. With a population less than that of London, she faced invasion from a ruthless foe who enormously outnumbered her. The invasion never came, but the lesson will never be forgotten.

Higher Standards

A new attitude has been shown by the powerful Australian Labour Party in a change of policy. It has announced that it is now in favour of immigration. Traditionally, to put it mildly, it was very cool on the subject.

Finally, what are wages like and how high is the standard of living? A direct comparison, of course, is almost impossible, because conditions are so different. But it can reasonably be said that in the main the standard of living for the industrial worker in Australia is higher than it was in most parts of pre-war Britain.

But, though official plans are well advanced, no details will be announced until after the war. Then—but not before—Australia House will be able to deal with individual emigration inquiries.

VOICES

"Did I get an issue of summer underwear? One of these days I'll have a look!"

NOW *in hospital in England after being wounded in France, Pte. J. Cobley writes to his wife at "Netherlands," Coney Six Estate, East Wittering:*

What a nice quiet comfortable pl is a hospital ward, after France! T trip back home by 'plane was so e that we hardly knew that we were tra ling at all except for the noise of t engines. The journey took just over hour compared with the day or so boat.

There was plenty of excitement bef I got my "packet." But now the thr and fears of being under fire are happ becoming fainter in my memory.

Perhaps our most exciting time when we went out chasing snipers. had become a nuisance. We advanc five miles across country with the s port of tanks, which swept every hed row with machine-gun fire.

We had few casualties, and everyth was going well until we reached a vill where snipers were perched on platfor hidden in the trees.

Then the fun began in real earn and it was a pleasure to see the snip topple down off their perches.

★ In this little masterpiece of quiet good humour A. G. declares that—

Here is the Shape of Things to Come

WATCHING one of those jet-propelled 'planes zoozing through the sky the other day, a friend of mine said he was glad he wasn't his own great-grandson.

"What *will* the world be like in a hundred years' time?" he said. "Not worth living in! I reckon we've seen the best of it. I wouldn't be in my cradle now for a fortune."

And certainly when you watch things zoozing through the sky and read in your newspapers about all the things that are happening everywhere, the good old days do seem pretty good.

★ ★ ★

But when you come to think about it, it must have been much like that always.

No doubt many a villager a hundred years ago, when he saw his first railway train, ran up the farmyard and put his head in a haystack.

The first stage coaches must have driven a few people half mad with terror. Perhaps they caused a few people to go and live on the mountain tops where it was quiet.

Some of us like Yesterday, because we know all about it, and hate To-morrow, because we can't imagine it.

But stop to think.

The *shape* of things to come doesn't matter much. About as much as the look of a horse 'bus or the design of a sedan chair.

I don't know how they'll be dressing (if they'll be dressing at all), and I don't know whether they'll be living in skyscrapers or Super Holes five miles down when *my* great-grandson is old enough to think (or to find out) what a fool great-grandfather was.

But I know what they'll all be up to.

Cursing the bacon at breakfast-time. Hating to go back on Monday morning after a fortnight off. Not speaking to the woman next door.

So long as people are people and have to work and eat and sleep to keep going it's only the *shape* of things to co that will alter. It will only be the b of life that will be really different.

It won't be the difference between m and man. It will only be the differe between a beaver topper and a st boater.

So we can all cheer up.

★ ★ ★

In 2044 they'll be laughing at co dians and missing trains (or 'pla through oversleeping and getting noyed with the kid for asking such da fool questions as "Why is Wednesday

Mrs. Smith will be saying, *so swee* "Mrs. Brown up the street *has gone* don't you think, darling?" Mr. Rob son will be saying "The B.B.C. dr me potty!" (Or, if it isn't the B.B then, whatever it is.)

Somebody'll be saying "I wouldn' in my cradle now for a fortune."

And the weather will still be lousy.

So how *can* we all cheer up?

OF THE TROOPS

e days later when we were holding a "difficult" area, having had sleep for days, and not much food, ssage came through from Mont-y. He said: "Hold on at all costs irty-six hours"—and we did.

Unusual Passengers

erving on H.M. Transport in West ica, Lt.-Col. G. S. McNaught, O., writes to his son at The tory, Rotherwick, Basingstoke:

have a lot of African natives on straight out of the jungle, and of them are cannibals by birth reeding. The strange thing is that ip's cat has seen the red light and tly disappeared into the crew's ers, refusing to come out.

se men are real savages, but they ry easy to handle and interesting ch. The orders for "boat stations" m are: "Him go tin-aling-ling—ome plenty quick." They under-and jump to it.

A Long Way Up

he campaign in Burma is ribed by Cpl. C. Shepherd, al Section, India Command, in letter to his wife at Queen's d, Barnetby, Lincolnshire:

n back in India after an exciting packed with thrills and hardships. e start we were airborne into a, and were dropped two hundred behind the Japanese lines. Since we have "had it" in good re and overflowing.

on't say that all the past five s have been spent in hard fight-ut we have had our share. For a it was difficult to write home, as emed to be always on the move "communications" were just a There was a strenuous period we were on the march for more a month, sometimes climbing hills g to 4,000 feet.

gine long columns struggling up paths in the heat of the day. I seen strong men break down out er fatigue.

ever, the men of the 14th Army ugh, and they get through. Glad your letters, they mean a lot to out here.

Another Margate

he contrast between Margate on Kent coast and Margate, Natal, th Africa, is drawn by L.A.C., W. ce, R.A.F., who spent his leave at other Margate. He writes to his er at Hesketh Avenue, Bispham, rpool:

rgate, Natal, is very different from nglish counterpart. There is no ." just a collection of small hotels ottages scattered along the coast-gainst an exotic, sub-tropical back-d.

re are huge, craggy rocks linked h fine sandy beaches, where the rs of the Indian Ocean thunder soft warm sand.

great attraction here is surf-especially as, unlike Durban, the here is free from sharks. Farther up the beach is a blue lagoon where n swim in placid, warm water, if unwilling to face the rough sea on the beach.

At the hotel by the sea I was "initiated" almost at once, having to stand on my chair at dinner and shout out my Christian name to the other diners. The atmosphere at this establishment is informal and "matey."

. . . At the dance in the lounge that night I made the acquaintance of some of the prettiest girls I have ever seen. . . Margate, Natal, suits me nicely. A very good leave!

Luxury Seats

Serving with the British Liberation Army in France has its lighter moments, writes Dvr. H. C. Clarke, R.A.S.C., to a friend at Hook Norton, Banbury, Oxon:

Our job is to get ammo, petrol and other supplies through to the guns and the infantry, and, believe me, they are using up the stuff we take up to them.

A hectic life, and we sleep when we can at odd times in a slit trench or a wagon

But we have our fun. After being in a forward area for three days we were "detailed" to attend a picture show, which was to be given in the remains of a typical French village.

The show was given in a barn which had been well punctured by shell and mortar fire. Straw had been laid on the floor for us to sit on. With sunlight streaming through the holes in the roof, and gaps in the walls of the building, plus poor projection, the film show was not too good.

The best part of the entertainment was provided by one of the original occupiers of the premises—a great fat hog. He had buried himself under some straw, and not being interested in the films, he had gone to sleep.

As there were no tip-up seats, two of the lads used the sleeping hog as seating accommodation. All went well while the hog slept, but half way through the film he woke up to the fact that he was being sat upon. Then with a series of fierce and warlike snorts and grunts he tossed his "sitters" and charged off through the audience, which from that moment lost all interest in the show.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● There is an appalling housing shortage in this city, yet there are many shops with living accommodation above them that have been empty for years. Also, houses have been converted into offices and other business premises. It doesn't make sense!—Miss D. Lilburn, Goldsmith Walk, Lincoln.

★ ★ ★

Local children were constantly putting rubbish into emergency water-containers, until we made them into a Water Squad Guard! Now they take a pride in keeping the tanks in good order.—"East End Fire Guard," Customs House, E.16.

★ ★ ★

My discharged soldier son is offered unskilled manual work at £4 8s. a week, and a clerical job at £2 2s. 6d. a week. Unfortunately, he is not fit for manual work.—"Black," Derby.

★ ★ ★

"Readers' Views" with no covering letter may be sent for a penny in an unsealed envelope marked "Press Copy."—Miss W. Knowles, Drummond Avenue, Layton, Blackpool.

★ ★ ★

I bought some Utility towels a few weeks ago and they are already wearing into holes. To think that we have to give coupons and pay high prices for such trash!—Mrs. B. M. Shipstone, Albury Drive, Apsley, Nottingham.

Have you an interesting letter om a relative in the Forces? ONE UINEA will be paid for each one ished—more if an adventure ory used at greater length—and the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. r Readers' Views. Address all ters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 3, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

ONE man asks if I can explain why some people are so secretive about money.

I know a family of six, he says. They are all working but none has the least idea what the others earn. Their father died some years ago and left over £3,000, but nobody had an inkling of the amount he had saved. His wife had an idea he had saved a bit, but didn't dream it could be over £1,000.

On the other hand, I know a woman who tells everybody the price of everything from the cost of the house to the fee for her operation!

The whole subject of money is interesting, but what I particularly want to ask is: Has a wife the right to know how much her husband earns? And, if he does tell her, hasn't he the right to know details about her spending?

Well, I know plenty of people like that family who keep their financial position a dark secret, and I also know the type of person who enjoys trying to make a drama about the price of everything. The latter is a form of vulgar exhibitionism—See how rich I am! See how generous I am!

I suppose one is a case of exhibition, the other a case of inhibition.

But I rather suspect the writer of the letter. His real motive in introducing the subject was not to philosophise about money, but to broach that final question.

He may have had a dispute with his wife about what has happened to the housekeeping allowance and been told to mind his own business. At least, that is my guess.

In many households the wife has to do the spending, and she can hardly be a good chancellor of the exchequer without knowing the size of the income. The majority of men do not demand a detailed statement, though I suppose they have the right to see it when things go wrong.

MAN and wife should each have a limited sum for a personal allowance to treat as they please. The rest of the family budget is a communal affair. But there is too much talk of "rights" nowadays. It suggests that there is mutual suspicion, each keeping an eye on the other and demanding the uttermost farthing permitted by law.

But the word "secretive" mentioned in the first letter reminds me of another which comes from an over-anxious mother.

My son is a little over seventeen, she writes, and already he has started to think about girls. He is barely out of school yet, but he asked my permission to bring a girl friend home to tea. I was cross about it and refused, but now I am wondering if I was unreasonable.

It seems to me that if I welcome this girl friend into the house it is recognition of her as a possible daughter-in-law, and he is far too young to be treating the matter seriously. I want him to give his mind to his career.

Don't you think he is too young to be thinking about girls at his age? His father was over twenty-three before he looked at a girl. Soon enough, too, to my way of thinking. But perhaps you don't agree?

What has this letter to do with secretiveness? Simply that if parents refuse to let young people follow their instincts the first result will be that the boys and girls will meet "on the sly."

It is far healthier to be open about it.

Thousands of mothers would like to keep their sons always to themselves. They show hostility to any younger woman to whom the boy is attracted. They try to "freeze her out."

He wouldn't like to work in a town

Is There Too Much Talk About "Rights"?

I have had many letters from middle-aged bachelors who complain that their mothers prevented them from marrying.

A different problem comes from a woman who was country born and married a city man.

I never seem to get used to townspeople, she writes. They seem quicker, sharper, more forceful characters. I don't think you would consider me dull, but they get miles ahead of me, and I find myself longing to be back in the quiet countryside.

My husband's living is in the city, but he would be willing to get a job in the country, even on a smaller salary, if it would make me happier. Do you think we should be wise in doing this?

I feel afraid that once we got settled in the country my husband would "bless" me for dragging him away from his real life in town. Do, please, tell me what you think.

It would not be wise to take a man away from his real job unless the wife were sure that he could adapt himself to the rural life. It seems that one of them has to be unhappy either way. But in these days of quick travelling, why cannot they settle down in some pleasant village twenty miles from town and so make the best of both worlds?

I know plenty of men who live farther away than that, and find it works satisfactorily. When air travel becomes cheap (as it soon will), this particular type of problem will solve itself.

THE "BIG WAY"

● "Thank you for the 'big way' in which you have dealt with this claim . . . and for your sympathy so practically expressed."

So writes a Streatham reader, in acknowledging a cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

We offer free to every reader an insurance policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, and Bombardment, including substantial benefits for death or loss of sight.

Readers who have not yet registered can obtain registration forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

If mornings find you sluggish, hard to wake, there's a simple remedy: it's just this—
— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

The Good-tempered

SHEFFIELD

BLADE

It isn't possible to make a better razor blade than the Laurel. Only the finest Sheffield steel is used for these blades, which are processed by the skilled workers in the 'home of the cutting edge.' Save as you shave and invest your shaving savings in War Savings Stamps.

LAUREL

Made by George Lawrence Ltd., of Sheffield

CVS-13

Do people love to see you smile?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

7½d. and 1/3. Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 and 2/2

John White says:—

'My famous Footwear goes to equip our armed forces . . . a very restricted supply only is available for civilian wear.'

Ask for them by name

JOHN WHITE

FOOTWEAR

for MEN and BOYS

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD. HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

LAST LAUGH

M. M. (Merton).—"I rarely see my husband at the breakfast table." He is, we take it, one of those hide-behind-the-morning paper husbands.

ADELE (Exeter).—"I might have stuck to the stage had I been given a speaking part." So in despair you got married.

F. P. (Putney).—"There are men nobody wants to joke with." Dentists, for instance.

MARY (Wells).—"In bed my feet often go to sleep." That's because they have turned in.

B. B. (Hounslow).—"I have found a paradox. Where the outlook is black it is often bright." Been overlooking a coloured troops' outfit, have you?

B. P. (Brigg).—"My brother holds that live and let live would never work out successfully in his profession." We take it he is a professional soldier.

TRADER (Colchester).—"It is hard to persuade casual people to pay cash." Or even attention.

PIP (Welwyn).—"This war has brought most of us in Britain a fuller acquaintance with the stars." And stripes.

J. J. (Buckingham).—"Battle-dress uniforms dyed green can now be purchased by the public." They should have a ready sale in the City, as they match the business-man's 1939 black bowler hat.

HAIRDRESSER (Dundee).—"The elderly matron nowadays insists on permanent waves." As a contrast, perhaps, to her husband's coiffure representing ebb-tide.

CRITIC (London, S.W.).—"Many actresses can't even express surprise on the stage." One method is to make a quick exit and hurriedly paint on a pair of higher eyebrows.

J. B. (Chelsea).—"A million rats were killed in this country recently." Excellent! Now for the one abroad with the moustache.

TEACHER (Edinburgh).—"In an essay on 'Careers' one of my boys said he wanted to be the conductor of the B.B.C. Variety Orchestra and crack jokes with variety comedians on the air." He is evidently stooge-struck.

S. N. (Sutton).—"Promotion in the higher ranks of the Gestapo is not rapid." An official never knows when a vacancy will occur, especially if he is the vacancy.

MRS. H. (Llandovery).—"There is nothing to beat a nice carpet in the living-room." Father too tired from fire-watching?

E. N. (Nuneaton).—"When we were married some years ago we received six toast-racks as presents." When do you celebrate your electro-plated anniversary?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Before they leaves I wish these - - - Herring Folk would put things back where they found 'em"

Side-Slips

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—". . . made this comment after seeing the DAILY EXPRESS exhibition, 'BOTTLE for France.'"

RADIO TIMES:—"News read at dictation SEED."

OLDHAM WEEKLY CHRONICLE:—". . . and PANS were considered as to how to make the most of the campaign."

SOUTH WALES VOICE:—". . . will continue their AIR for fourteen days on the Welfare Grounds."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"The matron of honour, MR. T. L. Clayton, wore a suit of dusty pink-shaded material designed with a fine knife-pleated skirt. . . ."

DAILY MAIL:—"The 18 adults killed were NINE and two R.A.F. men."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—". . . or more than one-half of Australia's total exported FOOTSTUFFS to the world during that period."

Cash Winners

First Prize £100—'Bullets' 1,441

Mrs. E. G. Newlove, 1, Princes Avenue, Withernsea, Yorks.

ALMOST OVER SUMMER—"SUNNIER DAYS" APPROACH!

£10: H. Lowe, 41, Carleton Ave., Blackpool. **Remember 1918 And—Way "Job Won" Afterwards!**

£5: A. Anderson, 6, Florida Drive, Belfast. **Hell Let Loose—When Jerries Captured Pedro.**

£4: J. Garry, 8, Park Crescent, Dumbarton. **Gave Me A Lighter—Mother-in-law—It "Won't Work"!**

£3: J. S. Baty, c/o M. Farmer, 44, Main Street, Dundee. **Germany's Defeat—Coming Nearer—"Going Further."**

£2: D. M. Archibald, 11, Abbotsford Street, Falkirk. **Remember 1918 And—Afterwards, How *Politicians* "Surrendered"!**

£200 for a "Bullet" See offer next page!

38s. W. J. Millar, 26, Larne Street, Ballymena, N. Ireland. **Gave Me A Prize—And Mother-in-law Same "Lottery"!**

38s. J. Halifax, "Mill House," Kneesall, Newark. **Woman In A Hurry—Spreading "Slimy Trail," Gossip.**

34s. Miss O. Sheldon, The Orchard, Marsfield Park, Nr. Uckfield. **Peace In Our Pub—Patton's Outstripped Our Strategist!**

32s. C. Evans, 134, Eastcote Lane, S. Harrow. **Water Shortage—Rainfall Ending? *National* "Storm"!**

30s. R. B. Lacey, 69, Sunnyside Road, Chesham. **Woman In A Hurry—But Queen's "Serpent" Tempted!**

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes. A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices: 250 New Prizes and 750 Merit Awards have been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 393

WINNING WORDS: 1. SPARE. 2. BOLT. 3. DOLT 4. CURT. 5. BARS. 6. BEECH. 7. MOWL or YOWL. 8. CLOCK. 9. FOR. 10. BYRE. 11. ALE. 12. POON. 13. SOIL. 14. HOLE

WINNER OF £100: Miss G. L. Walster, 66, Victoria Avenue, East Ham, E.6.

RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value £25 shared between eight entrants.

XWORD OFFER now only in "Crossword Gazette"—for latest available issue, send 1d. stamp to Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, Long Acre, W.C.2.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps two years ago as unfit, Mr. Leslie Young, of Brighton, Sussex, has been fighting a dual battle ever since—against ill-health and poverty.

He has been in and out of hospital repeatedly and, having no pension and being too ill to work, is having a bitter struggle to fend for his wife and his six children, whose ages range from four upwards.

Unfortunately, the plight of this family is typical of many war victims who write to us for help. Won't you, who are more fortunately placed, make it possible for us to help them all?

Donations are needed and should be sent to Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay all administrative expenses, so every penny subscribed is pooled and shared among deserving cases on our books.

Acknowledgments are sent where names are given; but if you prefer to make your gift anonymous it will be no less welcome. Current subscription lists available on request.

Please send all you can spare and thus help those who are suffering through the war. Every penny counts.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Iron as a Munition of Health

By a Doctor of Science

Although iron is only one in 25,000 parts of the body weight, a constant supply of this mineral is vital to our health and vigour. Iron is an essential constituent of the red colouring material of the blood, haemoglobin, which is again essential to the proper development of red blood corpuscles. Insufficient iron (*iron-starvation*) results in too little haemoglobin and an inadequate number of red corpuscles. Not only does the blood itself become poor (*anaemia*), but it is unable to convey sufficient oxygen to the body cells.

The effects of *iron-starvation* soon make themselves felt. We lack energy and tire easily. We become depressed and listless.

Appetite begins to fail, digestion is difficult: The skin and mucous membranes become pale and this paleness is particularly noticeable on the lips and inside the eyelids. Hair becomes dull and lifeless. Eyes lose their sparkle.

Under conditions of stress, body chemistry makes increasingly exacting demands upon the blood, and our need of iron becomes still more urgent. This is true, for example, of many illnesses, of motherhood, of nervous strain and overwork.

It is therefore advisable to keep up your iron reserve by taking a reliable iron tonic such as IRON 'JELLOIDS,' which provides medicinal iron in a form in which it is always fresh, easy to take, and readily assimilated.

There are few who will not benefit from periodical courses of IRON JELLOIDS'—say a four to six weeks' course twice or thrice a year. IRON 'JELLOIDS' cannot injure or discolour the teeth and they improve digestion.

Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. Our price only, 3/4, including Purchase Tax,

THREE ESSENTIALS

IT was long before the war that scientific and nutritional experts began to focus our attention on these three main constituents of our food—carbo-hydrates, proteins and fats—although the shortages of recent years have stressed their importance.

Rationing plans have sought to balance these three essentials of our diet and it is doubtless the high nutritional value of Biscuits which is responsible for their present freer supply. The experts know that biscuits contain not one, but all three main essentials. It is these carbo-hydrates, proteins and fats in your biscuit that give you sustenance and energy. That is why they are always so valuable.

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS 96

STILL IN THE "PINK"

Leighton Buzzard.
Dear Sirs, May 20th, 1944.

Once again to say I'm still in the "pink," and I thank Yeast-Vite for being so. I am now 74 years of age and for the last few years have been taking Yeast-Vite tablets when I thought I required them, and I always sleep well and have a clear head.

(Sgd.) R. M.

NO HEADACHES OR STOMACH PAINS

Chorley.
Dear Sirs, July 6th, 1944.

I wish to inform you that I am a user of your Yeast-Vite tablets. I am never without a bottle, and they give me great relief, and I am able to keep going without suffering from headaches or stomach pains.

(Sgd.) J. C.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/6 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/6 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure
SENTINEL
ALL COTTON WOOL
HYGIENIC TOWELS
In four sizes, 1, 2, 3 and 4 (maternity).
Also soluble with loops.
From all chemists, drapery and stores.
Splendor Ltd. Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers

"What is peacetime like?"

has grown up in the biggest war all time. He hasn't known what ce meant. It is going to be a ge and wonderful new world. ever happiness after the war in store for him, one thing count most—good health.

ring wartime you have found 'Milk of Magnesia' has helped keep him fit and free from minor ach troubles.

the happier days ahead, 'Milk Magnesia' will, even as now, be r standby—never absent the medicine cabinet.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

PENSIONED OFF!

"Pensioned off! And me not much more than a kitten! What an insult."

"What's this—Tibs in my bowl? Thank goodness Mistress has found out what I need."

"At last I'm one jump ahead of mouse manoeuvres. But how they yearn! Mistress says I'm worth my weight in gold—or Tibs."

TIBS
Keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule: one powder a day. Tibs are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 1/-.

A product of Bob Martin (Ad. Sundries) Ltd.

18P

UP AGAIN

GOES BULLETS FIRST for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

FIRST PRIZE CASH **£200**

ONE WEEK ONLY!

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 of 10/- 1,250 MERIT AWARDS

FROM the *Bullets* Front also comes grand news to-day. Following the smaller awards of Summer, up shoots the First Prize to £200, with many other cheques as well.

Still larger prizes are coming in *Bullets* Autumn Campaign which opens this week, so now is the moment for you to get full value from your *John Bull* by joining the circle of "Bulleteers."

Your coupon is waiting below. The judges are waiting to consider your entries upon it. Now it's up to you. Open *your* Autumn Campaign with some well-aimed *Bullets* this week and a thrilling First Prize Joy Wire may soon be telling you of a £200 victory!

HOW TO WIN £200

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below—the result is a *Bullet* which can bring you that £200 prize.

For instance, a Bramhope entrant recently selected the *Example*, OVER IN FRANCE.

Upon that *Example* he built the First Prize *Bullet*, OVER IN FRANCE — "RIGHT SIDE" DRIVING ON.

More winners for further guidance await you in the winning list on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

BEFORE THE WAR'S OVER
INTO THE WORLD
THE AMERICAN WAY
TO FEED THE STARVING
INSIDE GERMANY
DOES US GOOD
MAN v. MACHINE
VEIL OF SECRECY
BANK-RAIDED ROBBERY
HOLE IN THE ROAD
NO MORE
WITH ADMIRATION
"YOU'VE HAD IT!"
MASTERLY MOVE
NOTHING LEFT
COST OF LIVING

POETIC JUSTICE
SCRAPS OF PAPER
HAVING ONE
THANKS TO THE HOME GUARD

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

PEACE AND.....
HOME OF THE.....
PRECIOUS .....
FORCE OF .....
MOTHER'S .....
DOWN CAME THE.....AND

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

NAME .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or change unsigned at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 7.

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.
P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,445

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S BIG "BULLETS" OFFER

POST ENTRY BY MON., SEPT. 25, to "BULLETS" 1445, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Change to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM for QUICKER, SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 & 2/8 *Including Tax*

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile!

Be happy in the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol, the finest, smoothest, tooth-paste made.

If you prefer powder, try Odol tooth powder. 6d. Double size 10½d. A TIN

TOOTHPASTE
SOLID DENTIFRICE
TOOTH POWDER
DENTURE POWDER

Keep the winning

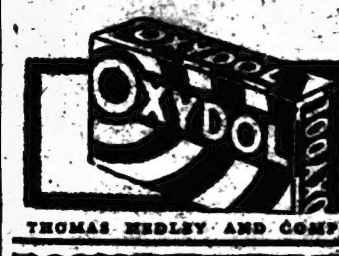
Odol

Please return your empty tooth-paste tube to your chemist. Smile!

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HA

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM

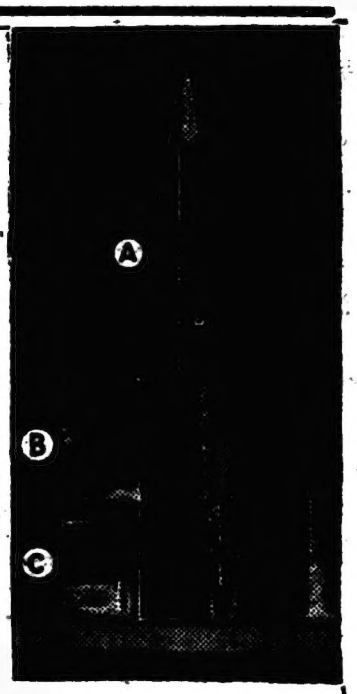
Now, here's a way to avoid clothes losses that are due to washtub wear and tear. Get a packet of Oxydol, the famous granulated soap — then see how safely and gently Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather washes clothes. No hard rubbing or scrubbing required — clothes come out of the washtub spanking clean. What a blessing Oxydol is — your clothes coupon book tells you that!



9½d. size - 1 coupon 7d. size - 2 coupon
A Class 1 Product At your shop

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TY

NEW KODAK LENSES give more speed- better definition thanks to glass discovery



Kodak's new glass is the first basic glass discovery in 55 years. It is made without sand . . . bends light further . . . takes clearer pictures faster. Today it adds effectiveness to Allies aerial photography. Tomorrow, in conjunction with 'Kodak' Film, it will mean better Kodak snaps for all. Illustration shows how image of pencil A is bent by best ordinary glass B and still more by Kodak glass C.

KODAK

KODAK LTD., KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 F 21b

Constipation can be a very big worry . . .

Depression is just as much a symptom of constipation as a sick headache—but it is wonderful how quickly a course of Beecham's Pills will put everything right, simply by encouraging a thorough but gentle movement of the bowels. If you are apt to suffer from constipation get some Beecham's Pills today —and look after yourself!

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

She kept trying until she got some

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

keeps the home clean and protected

KH 50-961 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

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